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# UNITY

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# UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1899. NUMBER 9.

An item is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that the Board of Foreign Mission, after having given away 84,000 Chinese Bibles in response to what they considered an encouraging increase of demands, found, to their disgust, that John Chinaman with his thrifty mind had turned all these Bibles to account by using the leaves in the manufacture of fire-crackers, to which the paper was admirably adapted. There is a sermon in this discovery of the Board of Foreign Mission. Let him who will find it.

---

W. H. M. Christie, astronomer royal at the Greenwich Observatory, has telegraphed to the Chicago Tribune that the Twentieth century begins January 1, 1901. He ought to know. We hope this settling of the question will stay. This will give us one year more of time to save the Nineteenth century from some of the humiliating reactions that seem to whirl us at the end. One more year of time will bring clearer vision on many questions and may give us saner minds and hearts more single to feel the woes of the world and to apply ourselves to the amelioration and ultimate removal of the same.

---

The "Church and State" is the successor of the "Christian Citizen," which is another attempt of our neighbor, Rev. Columbus Bradford, to fight the desperate battle of running a paper in the interest of an idea. A magazine with a cause without the financial backing beyond the commercial earnings of such, is a desperate if not a forlorn undertaking. We admire the pluck of Mr. Bradford as we gladly recognize the timeliness and importance of his cause. If it does not succeed in becoming a permanent advocate of the high problems it espouses the fault will lie somewhere beyond his heart and hand. Have men of wealth no joint obligations with men of ideas? Is there no way of establishing co-operation between makers of dollars and dealers of principles?

---

The "Brooklyn Eagle" like Mr. Mead of the "New England Magazine" has noticed the silence of the American poets concerning the recent triumphs of American arms, but it ascribes what it calls the "noticeable failure" to the fact that the "poets have divorced literature from life." We would rather believe that it is because the true poets are lying closer to the deep things in human nature than ever before. They feel the joy of the home and the call for peace. Let the "Brooklyn Eagle" try to answer the question, What would be the poem in the heart of Jesus were he living in America to-day? Would he rejoice in the war alarms and give encouragement to the hope that ethical problems can be solved by military triumphs or the progress of man be secured by inciting the worst passions in man on both sides?

This week the Hull House of Chicago celebrates its tenth anniversary, and it does so in the most characteristic manner, by the installation and dedication of the last building added. Around an old dilapidated homestead rescued just as it was about to pass into unavailability, has grown a little colony now for the first time adequately housed, including library, kindergarten rooms, coffee house and lodging house for women, gymnasium and an attractive auditorium. This colony has grown at the heart of what was then considered a degenerate neighborhood, from which the churches had fled as from a polution. It contained all the elements of discouragement—foreign poor, saloon-ridden, this settlement has grown to be not only a power for the neighborhood and a center of life for this neglected and church-abandoned community, but it has become to a large degree a center of culture for the city, an attractive point of life and light for those who live in the less favored regions along the boulevards and avenues of the North and South Sides. If anybody would like to study the work that incidentally belongs to a city church and know the architectural demands of the same, let him go and study the Hull House.

---

"The Cold Stream Guards" seems to be London's "crack" regiment, and it is ordered to South Africa. A telegram from London says that four hundred cases of delicacies, representing sixteen thousand dollars' worth of choicest viands, fruits and wines, are already packed to accompany the regiment. These represent but two months' supplies. One gentleman has presented the officers of the guards with "one hundred dozen of the finest champagne and three thousand of his famous brand of cigars." Lord Wolseley has expressed a fear "that these luxurious provisions" may have a demoralizing effect upon the army. It is the fortune of war to bring the streams of life together. While the "swell" regiment of London is preparing for a junketing expedition, the war office in another part of the city was beseiged by hundreds of men, women and children who came to study the posted lists of killed and wounded at Glencoe. Women fainted and others went away with a fervent, "Thank God!" "Thank God" for what? For the fact that it is the other woman's husband, brother or son, rather than mine that fell. Why all this? Because the request for arbitration and appeal to the higher court of reason and disinterested judgment was refused and the baser, closer appeal to strength was resorted to. When the English will have killed a sufficient number of the Boers, making thereby a sufficient number of widows and orphans in England, and the British flag will have been victorious on African soil, as doubtless it will be, what will they have proved—that it was right and the Boers wrong?

Not at all. It will have proved that it was the stronger bully in the fight, that it had more brawn at its command and more money to buy powder and bullets with and more men to use the same. Will the right man have been killed and the world be the better for their removal, and will the survivors of the fight be any more in the line of their rights and their usefulness? Where are the mothers who will begin at the bottom to teach their children the savagery of all war, the brutality that lurks behind every military parade? It is necessary to begin away back. True to the spirit of the day the last hit in juvenile literature, if the papers are to be trusted, is "The Golliwoggs in War," written and illustrated by two girls. It is very funny and the paper tells us "it bids fair to become as famous as 'The Brownies.'" There are cannon explosions and all sorts of delightful horrors to titulate the nerves of the little ones. It is an English book, prepared by the Upton sisters. Dear girls, how little they realize the appetite they pander to, nay, the vitiating food their own imagination has fed upon.

---

## Echoes from the Sunday Pulpits of Chicago.

If the short extracts published in the Monday morning papers in Chicago are to be trusted, there is high preaching in Chicago in these days. The issues of the hour are drifting inevitably to their ethical solution and the consciences of people are being exercised. Whether it be a vindication or a condemnation of the governmental violence now being displayed in Africa and in the islands of Asia, the final adjudication must be at the courts of morals and religion. Manifestly the economic arguments, the logic of commerce and the appeal to patriotism and the "honor of the flag," which but too often mean but military prowess and physical courage in the minds of those to whom the appeal is most potent, will not satisfy and the conclusions resting thereon will not abide.

Dr. Stone of the St. James Episcopal Church summoned his people to face heroically the bearings of the scientific study of Bible problems. He confessed the decline in the use of the Bible. Ministers appeal to it less often and the "struggle for daily bread is so fierce that men's minds are too full for anything but the present." He urged that if the church is to hold its own and re-establish its power it must allow reason to have its rights in regard to the Bible as elsewhere. He told his hearers they might have to unlearn much they had been taught, but they need not be afraid of new things "for the oldest things in creation were new once."

Dr. Johnston Myers of the Emanuel Baptist Church preached on much the same theme and reasoned on the same line. He would welcome investigators. The only danger to the Bible is that of neglect. The critics are only taking down the scaffolding.

R. W. White of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church probed deeper into the necessities of the age and the religious needs of our time. With prophetic insight he declared against that "blind faith that governmental institutions can save the people and that law can remedy every wrong."

It becomes our country and age to heed the warning. He said:

"We are told that Russia was driven into Finland, that England was driven into South Africa, that the United States were forced into the Orient by destiny and social forces beyond the power of man to control. At the recent trust conference the word I heard most on the lips of men was 'inevitable.' There is nothing inevitable in this world. We hold it in our grasp to mold our environment as we will. That man is the sport of destiny is a lie uttered by these modern peoples.

"There seems to be a wondrous charm attendant on the idea that we are the playthings of social forces. There is no necessity that men starve in a land of plenty because it is decreed by fate, unless it is the fate that decrees that society shall travel these paths of reckless indifference.

"Men must warm to their tasks with a love for each other, and a realization that the individual effort is the only one that is going to count in the long run."

Rev. W. E. M'Lennan stood last Sunday for the first time in the pulpit of the Trinity Methodist Church, as the successor of Frank Crane. He comes in the spirit of Sheldon's nimble-footed missionary, "In His Steps." He told the people of that somewhat stolid section of Chicago, which this far has been the despair of the churches, too far out for business, too far down town for society, that while he desired harmony and unity, he must preach the gospel as long as he had any one to listen, and when there was none to listen to him in the church he would go out to the unchurched multitudes.

Chicago and the readers of UNITY will wait for further tidings of this messenger-bearer who says to the comfortable and complacent people of Trinity Church: "Next to the business district is a fringe of criminal life; outside of that a boarding-house element, and beyond that a population that rents.

"These people must be reached and saved," he said. "From Twenty-second to Twenty-ninth streets and from State street to the lake there is a population of 17,565, more than half of which is distinctly American, with only nine churches and two synagogues in the district. Here is a city of 20,000 immediately about us and we have only one Methodist Church. Instead of mourning over the poverty of our field we ought to be on our knees crying to God to help us meet the vast responsibility which we share with our neighboring churches."

Bishop Fallows found himself constrained to defend majorities. He was right in saying that popularity is not sufficient evidence of degeneracy and that fool-hardiness is not necessarily inspiration, but it is a dangerous thing to add to the inevitable bluntness of the human conscience by pampering it with the spoon victuals that make for complacency and that is always prone to identify truth with the cheer of the crowd. As a matter of fact all the way down through history minorities have represented the saving clauses in the eternal gospel at any given time, and the appeal to bigness has always been dangerous.

Joseph Stolz of Isaiah Temple preached on "Moral Courage." "The courageous man is he who dares to be himself and not the shadow of another; who votes according to his own notion and not the dictation of party bosses." He said:

Who is not ashamed of that war in which the republic of Washington and Lincoln is now engaged? What sober-minded student of history and lover of his country would not have this unholy war of conquest, this "criminal agression," blotted out from the annals of our land? And yet, why do we falter and hesitate? Because we, who can muster a large volunteer army of lion-hearted soldiers, eager to face the cannon in the death-breeding swamps of Luzon, have not the courage of Abraham Lincoln to confess that our party, our country, has made a mistake. What troubles us? The fact that we are in the war and that it would appear like cowardice were we to seek a peaceful ending of the clash.

Frank C. Bruner, pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, said, "The pulpit ought to be the center of heroic utterance. Then the march of reform, science and statesmanship will grow divine in their evolution. Our Master was a seasoned mechanic."

Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, at the vesper services of that institution, last Sunday night, said it was the mission of the educated man to bring the new truths into religion.

The crying danger of the Nineteenth century Christian Church is the setting up of a difference between those thinking sincerely and deeply and those thinking narrowly. There should be no divorce between faith and culture. I know there are those who say 'stop thinking or be an infidel.' We will not be judged by such a standard.

"The educated man in the kingdom of God will see God in things that are new. That man is most religious who sees God most clearly whether as you or I see or not. I bought a god the other day, a terra cotta god. That god represented 2,000 years ago the choicest ideal of some man. Shall I bow down to it because it is old? Your God must be more than definition or history. To accept God because he is old is to fill the mind with theological bric-a-brac. Shall the educated man think freely and honestly in the classroom and not in the church? The church needs freedom of thought. The church needs to know that God is not shut up in a sarcophagus built thousands of years ago, or in the books written thousands of years ago. Yet the mission of the educated man is to hold what is old and true, even if it is not reconciled with the new and true.

## Farm Life and Woman.

It is a matter of unusual import that the new woman has recently shown an inclination to take up with farming. She entered first upon the professions, then upon manufacturing, and now the tide is decidedly toward agricultural pursuits. No other life affords woman such opportunities for becoming beautiful, and remaining beautiful, as life upon the farm. It is quite a fiction that farm duties require of either man or woman serious overwork, and therefore premature fading and old age. Work, or even hard work, need not destroy the fine outlines of face or body. That which undermines the constitution, taking down the body and enfeebling the mind, is working on unwholesome lines; and this the pursuit of agriculture is rapidly learning to avoid.

It is true that the American farm woman has been too much of a housekeeper. This has been strictly an American evil; and it has been growing upon us for the last fifty years. Our farmers' wives and daughters know very little about the farm apart from cooking and cleaning. The old-fashioned farm life gave a wide variety of employment to the home-keeper. She had not only her knitting and sewing, but her candle-dipping, her soap-making, her spinning, weaving, dyeing, and many other interesting employments. These were all taken away from the farm by the rise of steam power, and transferred to factories. Our mothers of fifty years ago worked in the garden, raised their own flowers and herbs, and not one of them existed who could not harness and unharness a horse, milk a cow, and on occasion saw or split wood. A variety of employment gave abundance of fresh air, and developed muscle instead of taxing nerves.

The new family, which is sure of being developed, will bring about new forms of co-operation of the sexes. We are not at all sure but the Vassar girl of the twentieth century will be as able to milk a cow as to translate Sophocles. The new forces on the farm will be electricity, and possibly gasoline for the horseless carriage. Woman can be engineer and not compromise her sex. In this way the husband and wife may make their market trips, as well as their pleasure trips, together. With increased conditions of speed and carriage capacity, there will be a very great decrease of dependence on middle men. Where private customers are not equal to requirements, women of the family can act as city agents. The coarser work on the farm is sure to be greatly reduced, while the duller house work will be so far decreased that the need of dependence on hired help will go down seventy or eighty per cent.

Meanwhile, woman is taking up a wide range of employments heretofore belonging exclusively to man. She is peculiarly skillful in market gardening. Around our larger cities not a few red-cheeked girls may be met driving neat carts, with vegetables and fruit and butter and eggs for market. Their wagons are tidy, their horses netted and groomed, and the loads attractive.

Woman is also making her mark as a bee-keeper, greenhouse manager, dairy-woman, fowl and egg-producer and orchardist. Among the catalogues from seedsmen a larger number each year come from women. One of these catalogues asks the question, "Why not buy your flowers of a woman?" There is not much logic in the question; it would be better to ask why not buy flowers of a woman if she can sell as good a stock, at as reasonable rates, as men? In the southern states a favorite occupation for women is raising geese, turkeys and chickens. Miss Alice Joyce is known in Texas as the Turkey Queen. She puts on the market several hundred turkeys every year, and is making thorough success of the work. She rides a spirited little mustang, and drives her flocks to San Antonio, being several days on the road.

The changed relations of woman to the land will be specially welcomed on the score of a more wholesome life. If mothers are unsound or fragile, there is no salvation for the boys. The nation that has the finest womanhood has the finest men. A grand type of women has repeatedly held up a nation from destruction under assault of adverse circumstances. Woman on the farm, under the new conditions suggested, becomes a "new woman" of the very best sort. We may anticipate a social renovation very wide-reaching and permanent.

E. P. POWELL.

## War for Missonary Ends.

As the daughter of a missionary, born myself on mission ground, I must protest against that class of argument which defends our present brutal war of conquest in the Philippines as a necessary preface to the Christianizing of the islands.

It is exactly the argument used by Satan in tempting our Master when he offered Him all the kingdoms of the world if—he would take them by force. But the world-old idea of the right of might was thrust aside and the foundation stones of the New Kingdom were laid in love—love to God, displayed in love to

man, making possible the time when "the meek shall inherit the earth."

Where would have been the beginnings of civilization in India, Africa, China and the islands of the sea if men like Livingstone and Moffat had not blazed the way? And I believe the soldiers of the cross are just as valiant in this generation as they were before the invention of the Gatling gun.

In its obituary notice the San Francisco Chronicle says this of my father: "Alone, he penetrated the interior districts of China, established schools and erected chapels where no European had ever before traveled. An instance of his bravery was his action during the great Tai Ping rebellion, when foreigners fled from Canton and the adjoining provinces without waiting upon ceremony. Vrooman never for a moment thought of leaving. He had his schools and his people to protect. Through all the disasters of that time, when the common people were in rebellion against the ruling dynasty, he stayed at his post. His fearlessness excited the admiration of the Chinese, both friend and foe, and he passed through the rebellion unhurt."

Like things could be said of personal friends of mine in Turkey and Japan, who would be the very last to advocate that we "should go into all the world and shoot the gospel into every creature."

In contrast with the sayings of those preachers of righteousness, "whose eyes the God of this world hath blinded," come these words from Dr. Barton of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by whom my father was sent out: "I cannot speak for missionaries of other mission boards, nor for all the 540 of our own board, but I know the opinion of a large number of missionaries of our board (and of others) and I do not know of one who is in favor of an imperialistic policy; and, more than this, I have never heard this policy advocated by the officers of our board, or any other, and I am very certain that, were that policy entertained, it would have found utterance in my hearing.

"On the other hand, I have constantly heard the officers and missionaries of the American board express regret that the policy of imperialism was likely to prevail. . . We believe it would be most disastrous to our work to have this step taken, for it would be impossible to separate in the minds of the people missionary enterprise from government interference."

KATHARINE VROOMAN KING.

Inkster, N. D., October 9, 1899.

---

Open our eyes that we may see.
These London stones are worn with angel feet,
And all its air with plumy traffic sings:
Yet, evermore above the jangling street,
Brightening the smoke, that shining ladder springs;
And ere time serve a bustling friend to greet,
Thou shalt be brushed by white and folded wings.

If ever we should walk those happy ways
Where rest and work one tranquil name do bear,
I deem that we shall look in sweet amaze,
Meeting so many faces homely-fair,
Faces of those that calmed our earthly days,
Angels that came and blessed us unaware.

—*Frederick Longbridge.*

---

Commodore Decatur, at a banquet at Norfolk, in 1818, gave his famous toast: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." Then the soldier spoke. Hon. Carl Schurz, in the United States Senate, in 1872, said: "Our country, right or wrong! When right, to be kept right! When wrong, to be put right!" Then the statesman spoke.—*Hon. William Henry Fleming.*

# Good Poetry.

## Admonition.

"How wrought I yesterday?" Small moment, now,
To question with vain tears, or bitter moan,
Since every word you wrote upon the sands
Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.

"How work to-morrow?" 'Tis a day unborn,
To scan whose formless features is not granted.
Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou may'st wing
Thy flight beyond to-morrows, disenchanted.

"How shall I work to-day?" O, soul of mine!
To-day stands on her threshold, girt to lead
Thy feet to life immortal; strive with fear;
Deep pit-falls strew the way; take heed—take heed!

—*Augusta Moore.*

---

## Reply.

What, then, is Love? she said.
Love is a music, blent in curious key
Of jarring discords and of harmony:
'Tis a delicious draught, which, as you sip,
Turns sometimes into poison on your lip.
It is a sunny sky infolding storm,
The fire to ruin or the fire to warm,
A garland of fresh roses fair to sight,
Which then becomes a chain and fetters tight.
It is a half-heard secret told to two,
A life-long puzzle or a guiding clew,
The joy of joys, the deepest pain of pain
All these Love has been and will be again.

How may I know? she said.
Thou mayest not know, for Love has conned the art
To blind the reason and befool the heart;
So subtle is he, not himself may guess
Whether he shall be more or shall be less;
Wrapped in a veil of many-colored mists,
He flits disguised wheresoe'er he lists,
And for the moment is the thing he seems:
The child of vagrant hope and fairy dreams
Sails like a rainbow bubble on the wind,
Now high, now low, before us or behind;
And only when our fingers grasp the prize,
Changes his form and swiftly vanishes.

Then best not love, she said.
Dear child, there is no better and no best.
Love comes not, bides not at thy slight behest.
As well might thy frail fingers seek to stay
The march of waves in yonder land-locked bay,
As stem the surging tide which flows and fills

'Mid human energies and human wills.
The moon leads on the strong, resisting sea;
And so the moon of love shall beckon thee,
And at her bidding thou wilt leap and rise
And follow o'er strange seas, 'neath unknown skies,
Unquestioning; to dash, or soon or late
On sand or cruel crag, as is thy fate.

Then woe is me! she said.
Weep not; there is a harder, sadder thing,
Never to know this sweetest suffering!
Never to see the sun, though suns may slay,
Or share the richer feast as others may.
Sooner the sealed and closely guarded wine
Shall seek again its purple-clustered vine,
Sooner the attar be again the rose,
Than Love unlearn the secret that it knows!
Abide thy fate, whether for good or ill,
Fearlessly wait, and be thou certain, still,
Whether as foe disguised or friendly guest
He comes, Love's coming is of all things best.

—*Susan Collidge.*

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"He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help, given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life, can possibly give again."—*Phillips Brooks.*

# The Pulpit.

## The Pope of the Ring and the Book.

AN INTERPRETATION.

"Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows, for they die to-morrow," says the old Pope, and we shout, "Hear, hear!" and feel as great as the Pope in our agreement, forgetting the difference, our verdicts are as vain as the sentence of The Other Half-Rome:

"Count—
Of all are you the enemy: out with you
From the common light and air and life of man!"

We are impotent judges; no responsibility rests upon us. Were our words final, did a life hang on our decision, we might debate as fruitlessly as Tertium Quid. The firm conviction, the unfaltering resolution, the courage with which the Pope, equally distant from temerity and fear, faces an appreciated responsibility, is glorious.

"And I am bound, the solitary judge,
To weigh the worth, decide upon the plea,
And either hold a hand out or withdraw
A foot and let the wretch drift to the fall."

He values the experience of others, precedent has its weight with him. Before deciding in this case he turns to the record of his predecessors to see how they have judged. The portion of the record read is that regarding Formosus. From it he infers that the judgment imports more to the judge than to the judged. We assent and the judge becomes the center of interest. Hitherto our attention has been concentered with increasing intensity upon the tragedy of Pompilia, but in Book X there is a change, our interest is diffused from this center, this concrete truth, to reach out and embrace for an instant all truth. We are led to see the story of Pompilia, not as complete and isolated, but in its bearings and relations as a part of the whole, and the Pope is the medium through which we see the whole.

Let us judge him by his own standard. He names himself "God's one more vicar in the world," "vicegerent," "the Pope for Christ," "Visible Providence." He conceives the deity he represents as Power, Wisdom, Goodness, God. The first two qualities, power and wisdom, discoverable in his works; the last, goodness, manifest in his sacrifice.

Though God's representative, he makes no claim to equality with God, but says:

"God who set me to judge thee, meted out
So much of judging faculty, no more:
Ask him if I was slack in use thereof!"
"Be man's method for man's life:
"I find the truth, dispart the shine from shade,
As a mere man may, with no special touch
O' the lynx-gift in each ordinary orb."
"I do discern, and dare decree in consequence,
Whatever prove the peril of mistake."

But within human limitations how nearly does he approach the perfection of his God? Power he pronounces the first attribute. He has power from without, given by the world: "Passed the final sentence to the Pope." "So said so done, for the old Pope bade this." He has power from within, proceeding from his faith that he derives his authority from God: "I it is who have been appointed here to represent Thee," "I bow my head and take Thy place," "All that I do or am comes from the truth," "My last act I owe to him who armed me thus with Paul's sword as with Peter's key."

Intelligence is the second attribute. Hyacinthus tells us:

"They say the Pope has one half-hour in twelve,
Of something like a moderate return
Of the intellectuals—never much to lose."

Fortunately we are not compelled to depend upon hearsay for the Pope's wisdom and character. His words and works are before us and we may base our conclusions upon them. While we are searching for the God-like attributes it will be pleasant for us to carry with us the vivid impression of his humanity that is suggested by Browning's picture of him:

"In the plain closet where he does much work,
With, from all Peter's treasury, one stool,
One table and one lathen crucifix.
There sits the Pope, his thoughts for company;
Grave but not sad,—nay, something like a cheer
Leaves the lips free to be benevolent,
Which, all day long, did duty firm and fast.
A cherishing there is of foot and knee,
A chafing, loose-skinned, large-veined hand with hand."

Has this man the broad experience in act and thought, a history and a philosophy to fit him for the work of final judge? His past is rich. During his eighty-six years "He had trod many lands, known many deeds, probed many hearts, beginning with his own." He says of himself:

"Who studiest God and man, the many years
I' the school, i' the cloister, in the diocese
Domestic, legate-rule in foreign lands."

From his reverie the following faith may be devolved:

God, the infinite, may not be comprehended by the finite mind, but in the mind of man is reduced to littleness that suits his faculty. Every creature from insect to angel knows God according to its own measure. He may be known partially by his works. They exhibit the unlimited power and the unlimited wisdom of their creator, but the human eye does not discern unlimited goodness therein. The triangle of perfection lacks a side, but is completed by a tale "which I find credible; I love it in my heart." The story of Christ shows love without a limit. Accepting as much of it as stands the test of reason, it proves a basis for the inference that the purpose of pain is to educate, to "evolve the moral qualities of man," to enable him to wring from out all pain all pleasure for a common heritage to all eternity." It is immaterial whether the Christ story is an absolute, abstract, independent, historic truth or truth changed, "made pass a spectrum into mind." The effect remains the same whether it is a literal or figurative truth. The transmission of the tale, its riddles, are of little consequence. The story completes our conception of God—explains life. The purpose of life is progress, a forward march, "the moral sense grows but by exercise," "Life is a probation and earth no goal but starting point." It is no argument against the truth of our hypothesis that those who are in ignorance of it continue in sin, nor that those occupied with the struggle for existence should heed it not, nor that it should be rejected by some, but it is hard to reconcile with it the indifference of those who have found, acknowledged and been enriched by it, who cast it aside and devote themselves to gross pursuits. This coldness and indifference is not the fault of human nature. Love and faith

"Have leapt forth profusely in old time,
These still respond with promptitude to-day.
At challenge of—what acknowledged powers
O' the air, what uncommissioned meteors, warmth
By law and light by rule should supersede?"

Proper instincts exist in the hearts of men, but the faith does not call them into exercise. There is no reassurance in the thought that adherents to the faith have done as well as the worldlings:

"Or better than the best, or nothing serves!
.....Outstrip!
Or else stop race you boast runs neck and neck,
You with the wings, they with the feet,—for shame!"

Can the fault lie with the "Power that made and undertook to save the world?" He within whose cir-

cle of experience burns the central truth knows better. It is part of the divine plan. The apparent weakness in a faith is its strength. It supplies the incentive to humanity.

"How can man love but what he yearns to help?
What were it else but the first things made new,
The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends, and aye begins for man?"

"Quo Vadis, Domine?" "To Rome to be crucified anew." The right must suffer, the right must all but die to draw all men unto it. In the days of Christian persecution it was less difficult to be a Christian than now, when Christianity reigns. It was easier to discern the rare rays of light in the great darkness than now at noonday to

"—Untwist heaven's white from the yellow flare
O' the world's gross torch, without night's foil that helped
Produce the Christian act so possible
When in the way stood Nero's cross and stake,—
So hard when the world smiles 'Right and wise!'"

But doubt is arising to reanimate the faith. As we broke up the old faith in the world our faith must be destroyed, that "faith, in the thing, grown faith in the report." The portrait of God must be corrected by the "living face," "man's God, by God's God in the mind of man." In the change a few will rise to the new height; some Pompilias will keep the Christian level because of innate, instinctive goodness. "I knew the right place by foot's feel;" the many who with all the aid of Christ have yielded to sin, without that aid must surely fall through the crumbling crust that now supports them to the lower base, the "lust and pride of life." The church has lost its power. In place of the Augustin, the advocate of the power of grace, we have Caponsacchi, who does not take his inspiration from the church. "His own mere impulse guides the man"—fortunately in this case for good, but he is without law for his own future or for the guidance of others. On the other hand, instead of the Jesuit, whose craft justified itself by its intent to advance Christ's kingdom, we have the Abate, the man of evil impulses.

"At last we have the instinct of the world
Ruling its household without tutelage,"

but I, the Pope, recognize an authority over me and dare not leave this man alive.

It is with such thoughts of God and man that the Pope undertakes to do his duty to his God, to his neighbor, to himself, in his judgment of Guido. He has none of Caponsacchi's animosity toward Guido:

". . . if reprieve were possible for both
Prisoner and Pope,—how easy were reprieve,"

but he is convinced of Guido's guilt, so he must condemn him. Then even granted "there is no babe so guiltless as this Guido," the Pope is blameless. He has acted according to the light he had.

T' hold a heavier fault imputable
Inasmuch as I changed a chaplain once,
For no cause, . . . save that he snuffed somewhat
saying mass."

He is fully convinced

"Truth, nowhere, lies yet everywhere in these—
Not absolutely in a portion, yet
Evolvable from the whole; evolved at last
Painfully, held tenaciously by me.
Therefore, there is not any doubt to clear."

He hesitates merely "to review intent the little seed of act," "the thought which clothed in deed I give the world."

How masterfully he portrays the life of Guido, how he penetrates his villainy, yet without malice, through all the sinner is "my son." Guido starts in life with a propitious inheritance: "Body and mind in balance," "a sound frame," "a solid intellect," "the wit to seek," "wisdom to choose," "courage to succeed," "great birth," "traditionary name," "diligent culture," "choice companionship," "conversancy with the faith." So equipped for life's race, he starts with only such obstacles in his path as should serve for stepping stones. Having appetite, he lacks food; position, he wants wealth; ambition, he needs performance. Does he grow to realize his possibilities, fit his condition? No, he "shrinks up like an ambiguous fish." He fortifies himself with priestly orders, but has no part in the church; delves rather in the sin and corruption of the world; still, in case of need, claiming the protection of the church.

"He believes in just the vile of life."

His set purpose is to use a show of virtue and faith as a disguise for wicked deeds. His marriage, "one perfect piece of sin," is a sample and exemplification of his creed:

'The best, he knew and feigned, the worst he took,
Not one permissible impulse moves the man,
From the mere liking of the eye and ear,
To the true longing of the heart that loves."

His only aim is one that puts him lower than the beast—"lust for money."

His plan to drive the plundered parents from his hearth, use and destroy his child-wife at leisure is crossed by the confession of the Comparini. Guido's craft is matched by their cunning. Foiled here, he plans anew with malice, yet "always subordinating revenge, the manlier sin, to interest the meaner," to drive his wife to her own destruction, so securing the money for himself, riddance of her and vengeance on the Comparini. Here he is foiled by truth.

"The blot is blanched by God's gift of a purity of soul."

Courage and purity defeat him, law interferes, and, unlike Caponsacchi, the Pope commends its action. Guido is given another opportunity:

"Let him rebuked, go softly all his days
And . . . meditate on a man's immense mistake
Who, fashioned to use feet and walk, deigns crawl"—

But no, he plots again. Craft, greed and violence combine; craft for safety, greed for possession,

Violence stipulates "Advantage proved
And safety sure, be pain the overplus!
Murder with jagged knife! Cut, but tear too!"
". . . 'Tis an infant's birth,
Guido's first born, his son and heir that gives
The occasion . . . . .
Guido cries 'Soul, at last, the mire is thine!
'Lie there in likeness of a money-bag
'My babe's birth so pins down past moving now,
'That I dare cut adrift the lives I late
'Scrupled to touch lest thou escape with them'"

At last success seemed assured, but

". . . The check comes, the change,
The monitory touch of the tether—felt by few,
Not marked by many, named by none
At the moment, only recognized aright
I' the fullness of the days, for God's"—

The little slip, the failure to get the warrant, thwarted Guido. "One touch of fool in Guido, the astute! He curses the omission, I surmise, more than the murder." It was in reality a mercy stroke that saved Guido from the knives of his accomplices, who were ready, since disappointed in their reward, to murder him.

Such is the Pope's analysis of Guido. Paul he pronounces

"Twice Guido, all craft, but no violence,
This fox-faced horrible priest, this brother brute,
The Abate,—why, mere wolfishness looks well,
Guido stands honest in the red o' the flame,
Beside this yellow that would pass for white."

Girolamo is marked with "hell's own blue tint, that marks the man more than a match for yellow and red." The mother of the three,

"Unmotherly mother and unwomanly
Woman, that near turns motherhoood to shame,
Womanliness to loathing."

The accomplices, "four colorless natures, counted clean till now," were motivated as Guido was by money. The archbishop has played the part of hireling, has deserted his sheep.

The monk has acted the coward.

But, worst of all, the women of the convent "meant to help women because these helped Christ," who are ready: "A title deed to filch, a corpse to slander, an infant heir to cheat for money!"

After considering so much wickedness, the Pope indulges in contemplating "the whiteness," "the stray beauty beam," Pompilia.

> "First of the first.
> Such I pronounce Pompilia, then, as now,
> Perfect in whiteness: stoop thou down, my child,
> Give one good moment to the poor old Pope,
> Heart-sick at having all his world to blame—
> Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,
> Let me enjoy the old clean linen garb,
> Not the new splendid vesture!"

He cannot only sound the depths of vice, but comprehend the heights of virtue. Everything he says about Pompilia is so beautiful, so appreciative, so fraught with meaning and withal so simple, we seem in listening to him to see her very self.

The intellect and energy of man are to be seen everywhere, "but they make not up the marvel of a soul like thine." "It was not given Pompilia to know much . . . . yet if in purity and patience, if in faith held fast, . . . . if in right returned for wrong, most pardon for worst injury—if there be any virtue, any praise—then will this woman-child have proved—who knows?" He calls her my flower, my rose I gathered for the breast of God, and wonders that this blossom, born amid the briers, should attain perfection so high above those tended by the faithful gardener. Praise is due her that she could "endure man, obey God." "Dutiful to foolish parents," "submissive to bad husband," "tolerant of those meaner, miserable, that did his hests," yet could rise from law to law,

> "Promoted at one cry
> O' the trump of God to the new service, not
> To longer bear, but henceforth fight, be found
> Sublime in new impatience with the foe,"

Brave "to worthily defend the trust of trusts,

> Life from the Ever Living,"
> "One Christian mother, wife and girl,
> —Which three gifts seem to make an angel up"—
> "Go past me
> And get thy praise—and be not far to seek
> Presently when I follow, if I may!"

This old Pope, how he loved courage, action. Old age has no place in his portrayal of Caponsacchi; he is young again with "my warrior priest," "my athlete," "hero," "who dares the right and disregards alike the yea and nay o' the world," ready to respond "when the first moan broke from the martyr maid at the uncaging of the beasts."

> ". . . Such championship
> Of God at first blush, such prompt cheery thud
> Of glove on ground that answers ringingly
> The challenge of the false knight—watch we long
> And wait we vainly for its gallant like."

The grandeur of victory over temptation is exemplified in Caponsacchi, when the priest and wife are first brought together, and Caponsacchi is shown as great a dragon-slayer as is to be found in the annals of knight errantry:

> ". . . there is passion in the place,
> Power in the air for evil as for good,
> Promptings from heaven and hell, as if the stars
> Fought in their courses for a fate to be.
> Thus stand the wife and priest, a spectacle,
> I doubt not, to unseen assemblage there—
> No lamp will mark that window for a shrine,
> No tablet signalize the terrace, teach
> New generations, which succeed the old,
> The pavement of the street is holy ground;
> Nor bard describe in verse how Christ prevailed
> And Satan fell like lightning."

In his experience temptation is justified:

> "Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
> And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
> And so be pedestaled in triumph?"

The Pope's mention of Pietro and Violante is worth attention as showing Browning's impatience with the ambiguous creature: "Somewhere 'twixt the best and worst," "indifferent product," "foul and fair,

> Sadly mixed natures: self-indulgent,—yet
> Self-sacrificing, too: how the love soars,
> How the craft, avarice, vanity and spite
> Sink again! So they keep the middle course,
> Slide into silly crime at unaware,
> Slip back upon stupid virtue, stay
> Nowhere enough for being classed. . . .
> Accept the swift and rueful death
> Taught . . . what waits the ambiguous creature.
> White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
> Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
> Life's business being just the terrible choice."

And the Pope does not shrink the choice.

"Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows, for they die to-morrow." And so Guido goes forth into that "sad, obscure, sequestered state, where God unmakes but to remake the soul he else made first in vain." This does not end the Pope's connection with the case. We learn in Book XII that he obtained a legal instrument, declaring Pompilia's perfect fame and securing the inheritance of her child.

Pompilia's innocence is shown more in what she says of others than in what is said of her. We find in her inability to grasp, hold, realize the villainy of others the best evidence of a nature to which evil is so foreign, so remote as to be impossible. She seems incapable of sin, saintly. Guido, in his failure to appreciate purity, beauty and goodness in Pompilia and Caponsacchi, reveals a nature too base to understand virtue, incapable of good, demoniac. Caponsacchi, through his love of Pompilia, his hatred of Guido, exhibits a soul that has great heights and profound depths, possibilities for highest good or direst evil. Most human, he is subject to temptation, but masters it through the inspiration of Pompilia—for Caponsacchi were not Caponsacchi were not Pompilia, Pompilia. So the Pope shows his own nature in his penetration of the vileness of Guido, the worldliness of the archbishop, the cowardice of the monk, in his appreciation of the courage of Caponsacchi and the purity of Pompilia without passion; he is resigned to the fate of Pompilia, he feels no resentment toward Guido. Of the one he says:

> "Go past me and get thy praise."

Of the other:

> "For the main criminal I have no hope
> Except in such a suddenness of fate
> May the truth be flashed out by one blow,
> And Guido see, one instant, and be saved."

In his bearing toward them all we see him to be a man who sees clearly and feels deeply, but one free from the dominion of his impulses and passions—a man subject to law, and we believe the Pope is strong, the Pope is wise, the Pope is good, the Pope is God-like.

FRANCES M. PERRY.

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The "Independent" tells an apposite anecdote of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the well-known philanthropist, which is very characteristic. Her little grandchild came to her with a school problem, and after the grandmother had given her the answer, the little one gravely replied: "Very well, grandmamma, to-morrow morning I will ask Miss Brown whether you have it right." Now, Miss Brown is a little eighteen-year-old chit of a primary teacher in a public school. Would it not be well for parents to know the person who thus molds the whole life of their child?

# The Sunday School.

## A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

*Prepared by E. H. W.*

We begin this week the publication of a series of Sunday-school Helps, based on the Sunday-school work in All Souls Church of this city. As indicated above, the notes will generally be based on the work of Mr. Jones in his Tuesday class, but if called for by our readers we will add occasional notes taken from the work in the class and the general lesson given on Sunday.

Let no one presume on the adequacy of these notes for class work, taken alone. But it is hoped that taken in connection with a teachers' meeting or a fair amount of home study, they will lead the way to an interesting, much neglected and profitable line of study. Correspondence solicited.

LIST OF TOPICS.

I. Introductory.
II. The Proverbs of Jesus, Son of Sirach (a).
III. The Book of Daniel.
IV. Baruch (a).
V. Sibylline Oracles III:97-807 (b).
VI. Enoch (b).
VII. I.Maccabees (a).
VIII. II. Maccabees (a).
IX. Additions to Esther (a).
X. Tobit (a).
XI. Prayer of Manasseh (a).
XII. Psalms of Solomon (b).
XIII. Assumption of Moses (b).
XIV. Additions to Daniel (a).
XV. III. Maccabees (c).
XVI. Philo.
XVII. IV. Maccabees (c).
XVIII. Book of Jubilees (b).
XIX. Judith (a).
XX. Josephus' Jewish War.
XXI. Apocalypse of Baruch (b).
XXII. Esdras (a).
XXIII. Josephus' Antiquities.
XXIV. Josephus' Life.
XXV. Talmud.

Explanation:—(a) Indicates books found in Apocrypha; (b) indicates books found in Deane's Pseudepigrapha; (c) indicates books found in Churton's Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures. (Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs and Ascension of Isaiah in Deane's omitted.)

REFERENCES.

The Apocrypha (revised version).
Pseudepigrapha by W. J. Deane.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha in the Lange Series.
Churton's Uncanonical and Apocrypha Scriptures.
Cheyne's Jewish Religious Life after the Exile.
Cornill's History of the People of Israel.
Montefiore's Bible for Home Reading, Part II.
The Messages of the Later Prophets, by Sanders and Kent.
Toy's Judaism and Christianity.
Toy's Quotation in the New Testament.
Rodkinson's Edition of the Talmud.
Talmudic Miscellany, by P. I. Hershon.
History of the Hebrews' Second Commonwealth, by Dr. Isaac M. Wise.
The Bible for Learners.
Religion of Israel, by Knappert.
Kuenen's Religion of Israel, Vol. III.
Any Standard History of the Jews, such as Schurer's, Graetz's, Renan's, etc.

### I. INTRODUCTORY.

The first lesson was of necessity a link connecting the studies of the past year with those of the present. Mr. Jones began: "We are approaching a perplexing field of study. Even the experts in biblical lore jumble things a little here, and it can only be by much reading and careful comparison that you will be enabled to fit into our present studies the knowledge you acquired in your school days concerning the contemporary life of Greece and to some extent that of Egypt and the rest of the civilized world.

"The four centuries just preceding the Christian era were the golden age of Greek literature and art, the time of brilliant sunlight in Athens, the age of Æschylus, Sophocles, Socrates and Euripides. But it was the decadent period of Egypt. Egypt had built her pyramids, carved her tombs and erected her temples. Assyria had built her Nineveh and gone down, Babylon was declining and Rome was rising. All this was eddying around that little spot we call Palestine.

"In our study of Jewish history, as related to the outside world, our interest impinges first on Egypt, next on Nineveh, then on Babylon, Persia, Macedonia, Antioch, Rome, covering a period of fifteen hundred years, during which time the Jewish race was polished and rounded, if you will keep the figure of the glacier in mind, first by the pressure of Egypt in the pre-mosaic period, when the Jews were bondsmen and bondswomen in the valley of the Nile, then, in order of time, by Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and a ten years' touch of Greece; then, again, by a pressure from Egypt, and after that from Syria. Next came a spasm of independent life, the heroic age of Jewish history, and this again was followed by the Roman overshadowing and final political extinction of the Jews, 70 A. D.

"If you can get fixed in your mind the picturesque, dramatic and tragic sequence of national aggression upon this little postage stamp dominion on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, you will possess a page of marvelously interesting history.

"Last year we played that our Old Testament lessons were finished. We brought our studies down to the time of the Macedonian invasion. Now we find that for a round three hundred and fifty years preceding the birth of Jesus there was apparently a gap, but the blank is apparent only and the scholars are teaching us to realize that during this time religious exercises were developing in Jerusalem. In the absence of political aspirations and political opportunities the priest was becoming more and more important.

"But the real key to these centuries is Alexandria. We can never understand the history of the Jew or the history of Christian dogmatism until we understand Alexandria, the metropolis which became to the Jew what Babylon had been five hundred years before—its intellectual headquarters. Greek had become the language of culture, the valley which held the Nile of human thought and civilization at that time. The Hebrew treasures, the law first and then the prophets, were translated into Greek for the use of the Jews themselves. Greek was to the Jew of Alexandria what English is to the Jew of America. It was the vernacular, the language of trade, of politics, of social life, while Hebrew, the sacred language, was reserved for temple and ritualistic purposes. The Greek ascendancy began with the invasion of Alexander, and from that time until Greek speech was superseded by Roman it remained the language of the learned world.

"We will try to find out during the year how, under the influence of the Greeks, there was developed a priest life, a church life, in Jerusalem, which matured and ripened the dogmas we now have in the New Testament. We will see the rabbi come and we will see the rise of that thing of which we know too little, the rabbinical lore, the Talmudic literatures. And we are coming into the realm of that literature where Josephus, a later historian not too reliable but very valuable, comes in. And during this time there was growing a little handful of writings, most of them Greek, and that is one reason why they did not get into the Bible, because the Bible must be written in Hebrew. The Lord did not know Greek, or at least he was not partial to it. This handful of writings, bridging the chasm between the Old Testament and the New, is known to us as the Apocrypha."

# The Study Table.

## A History of Bohemian Literature.*

When Mr. Gosse projected "The Literature of the World" series he must have perceived the growing intention of the English mind to know all that can be known as coincident with the expansion idea of seizing all that can be seized. Nothing but the most minute curiosity would warrant the publication of a volume dealing with a literature that has been so far removed from current European interests. If one were compelled to recall what he knew of Bohemian writers doubtless he would instantly mention John Huss, but after that he would hesitate; though by dint of memory he might have a dim recollection of Komensky, the world's exile, the mystic in pursuit of "the light," who meditated the founding in London of an Academy of Pansophy, and who was invited by Gov. Winthrop of Massachusetts to become rector of Harvard College soon after its establishment. We would be, however, pretty well informed concerning the history of Bohemia, attractive enough to those who love liberty, and with this initial interest we inquire respecting the literary record of this branch of the Slavonic race and the language of six million people. Hitherto our only means of information has been Morfill's "Slavonic Literature," which gives, however, but a brief survey of the Bohemian field. Count Luetzow's history is, therefore, most timely.

Several things are peculiar in Bohemian literature. The most striking is the coincidence of literary and historic dates. Thus the first period extends to the time of Huss (b. 1369); the second to the battle of White Mountain (1620); the third from that battle to the present. Another thing is that many forms of literature are scarcely represented in Bohemian, poetry appearing only very early and very recently, and dramatic literature only in the last twenty years. Another is that any history of the literature must be imperfect because of doubts attending the early manuscripts and by reason of the almost complete destruction of Bohemian books by the Jesuits from 1620 through the eighteenth century. One other is that, like the history of Bohemia, the most important works are records of incessant religious struggles.

As in most countries, the native language was employed in poetry long before an attempt was made to use it in prose. The earliest prose in the vernacular belongs to the fourteenth century. The first poetic period comprises legends, the epics of chivalry, popular songs, patriotic histories, didactic and satiric poetry. The middle period is one of prose and interminable political and theologic discussion. One stirring war song, "All ye warriors of God," called the Bohemian Marseillaise, belongs to the fifteenth century. The period just preceding the downfall of Bohemia in 1620 was the one in which the language obtained its widest extension. Two events conspired to cause this special development; one, the humanistic movement in the sixteenth century, the other the formation of the "Bohemian Brethren." The humanists enriched the literature by translation; the Brethren, by their devotion to the cause of religious liberty, deepened their life and expression. To this second group Komensky, better known by his Latin title, Comenius, was attached. After the battle of White Mountain all development of Bohemianism ceased. Probably no country has ever suffered greater degradation than Bohemia at that period. Up to the end of the eighteenth century no book of any importance was published. Everything Bohemian was destroyed. The Jesuit Konias boasted of having burned 60,000 volumes by the year 1760. At the close of the eighteenth century the revival began. Four enthusiastic patriots labored to this end: Jungmann and Safarik, through scholarship; Palacky by historical research, and Kollar through invoking the poetic muse. Kollar's "Daughter of Slava," a celebration of the Slavic races, is notable as being the largest collection of sonnets in any literature devoted to a single theme. Much might be written of the fruits of this revival and concerning the modern writers. Emil Frida is pronounced the greatest living poet.

In this connection there will be remembered a book of noble spirit and rare charm that appeared last year from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. It was a story of Bohemian love entitled, "Maria Felicia," written by one of the modern novelists, Caroline Svetla, and translated into English by Antoine Krejsa, a student of the University of Chicago.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

*"A History of Bohemian Literature." By Francis, Count Luetzow. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

## Little Novels of Italy.*

There is much that is very beautiful in these stories. They are the work of a man who has drunk deep at the Italian springs. There are passages of description, where the subject is natural and where it is human, which are all one should desire. There is much humor, too, as in Messer Cino's most unreal passion for a winsome maid. This and another story satirizes well the unreality of that chivalric love which found in Dante's love of Beatrice its loftiest idealization. But Mr. Hewlett has two manners: One is reserved and quiet—that of his "Earth Work in Tuscany" and his "Quattrocentisteria;" and the other is rich, exuberant and unrestrained—that of his "Forest Lovers." Unfortunately he has chosen the latter for the present set of stories. They are nothing if not the vehicles of a luscious sensuousness. They are full of it to bursting, like the overripe figs in Italian gardens, which are too rich to tempt one's appetite. With this defect there is at times a kind of wilful coarseness, which infects the better parts with its deliberate taint. Mr. Hewlett has only to chasten his thought and his style to win much enviable applause. He has met this requirement more than once, and it is a pity that he should cater to a lower appetite when he might minister to a taste severely noble and refined.

J. W. C.

*"Little Novels of Italy." By Maurice Hewlett. Author of "The Forest Lovers," etc., etc. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899.

## The Monist.

Dr. Carus gives us in the "Monist" for October a thoroughly good article on the Bible. It is one that is to be carefully studied. He concludes that "science is a religious revelation." "Science is the voice with which God speaks to mankind to-day, preparing a new dispensation, which will sift tradition, keeping the good, discarding the bad, and all in all, be in every respect superior to the dogmatism of the Middle Ages, whose time is at last passing away." Here is the summary of all that is being found out by the nineteenth century. It means that God speaks to-day as much as he ever spoke, and that he really did speak through every high mind in all ages. All facts, when correlated into truth, become the word of God. Another article of exceeding value is that on "Psychology and the Ego," by Professor Lloyd Morgan. Other articles are strong. On the whole, the "Monist" not only holds its own as the only truly metaphysical journal of the United States, but is gaining in value.

E. P. P.

# The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.*

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—He that lives to live forever never fears dying.
MON.—They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.
TUES.—To have religion upon authority, and not upon conviction is like a finger-watch, to be set forward and backward, as he pleases that has it in keeping.
WED.—He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward.
THURS.—In all things reason should prevail; it is quite another thing to be stiff, than steady in an opinion.
FRI.—Let us teach our children to be, not what we are, but what they should be.
SAT.—The usefulest truths are plainest; and while we keep to them, our differences cannot rise high.

—*William Penn.*

## A Good Method.

There was a little schoolma'am
Who had this curious way
Of drilling in subtraction
On every stormy day.

"Let's all subtract unpleasant things,
Like doleful dumps and pain,
And then," said she, "you'll gladly see
That pleasant things remain."

—*Anna M. Pratt, in Farm, Field and Fireside.*

## True Hospitality.

Even the housekeeper who does her own work and practices strict economy may enjoy the privilege of entertaining her friends, and that without great expense. It is a matter of her own tact and her point of view. If she thinks she must have meals different from those usual in the family, or that great preparation must be made, she cannot entertain so often or so easily as the housekeeper of whom an exchange speaks:

It should always be remembered that the charm of true hospitality lies not so much in being always ready as in not being disturbed when one's friends or relatives unexpectedly arrive.

Not long ago I met a friend on the street. She said: "Come home with me to dinner. It is Monday, to be sure, and we are house-cleaning, but excuse these facts and come."

I went with her. Her house was in that state of partial disruption incident to the spring house-cleaning. My friend gave me an easy chair before the glowing grate and forgot, or seemed to forget, the accident of washing day, and the paper hangers in the next room. These were insignificant trifles and were relegated to a merited insignificance. The dinner was simple because of the existing state of affairs, but had it been cornmeal gruel from a wooden spoon I should have found it delicious.

The husband came from his office, the children from school, and all united with the little house-mother in making me feel that I was a most welcome and opportune guest. I have thought many a time that the secret of hospitality was with that household.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

"What doth it cost, this garniture of death—
It costs the life that God alone can give;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath,
It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live.
Ah! life and joy and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet."

## Buying a Paper.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? You've got them. I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard to the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me a paper; I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. You see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and he went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—*Our Homes and Our Homeless.*

## A White Dove in Church.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday-school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

## A Sioux Heroine.

A woman who has worked much among Indians tells this story, which is quoted by an exchange:

The great-grandmother of one of the boys was once on the hunt when the Sioux came on the Omahas. The women and children were placed in the rear, for safety, and they began at once to dig pits and jump into them to escape the arrows. This woman had her three grand-children with her, and they pretty well filled up the pit.

The Sioux pressed forward and came toward the place where the children were. The grandmother had no time to conceal the hole, so she threw herself over it as if dead. The Sioux passed her but she dared not stir, for the shouts of the fighting were all about her.

"She's dead," one said.

"We'll soon see," said the other, drawing his knife and stabbing her in the shoulder. The woman never winced. "She's dead," they said, and off they went, leaving her in pain and joy, for her grandchildren were safe. When the three little boys were taken out of the pit they were nearly frightened to death, but they all grew to be men, and tell many times the story of the loving grandmother.—*Selected.*

# UNITY

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## The Field.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

**Bloomington, Ill.**—The Illinois State Conference of Charities meets in this city November 1-2. "Charities in Small Cities," "The Perfecting Forces of Education, Organization and Charity," "The Management of Jails," "Out of Door Relief," "The Care of the Insane and the Epileptic," are among the questions to be considered. This is a secular gathering, called to discuss most religious problems, and they will appeal mightily.

**Toledo.**—The Children's Playground, No. 2, was opened Thursday, October 19. Dr. Chapman spoke of the good accomplished by Playground No. 1. Rev. A. G. Jennings of the Unitarian Church, who has been an active promoter of the scheme from the start, preached a little sermon in rhyme to the children. Mr. Tsanoff, the leader in this movement, reminded the children that the playground was good for winter as for summer. Miss Emily MacKenzie is an appointed teacher, who will have continuous charge of the playground. Let other cities go and do likewise.

**The League of Religious Fellowship, Chicago,** offer the following program for its season's work:

November 20—"Immortality." Essayists, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Mrs. C. C. Snyder; St. Paul's Parish House, Fiftieth street and Madison avenue.

January 15—"Symposium, the Religious Outlook." "Is the Influence of the Ministry Waning?" Mrs. Mary E. Holmes; "The Increase of Spirituality Among the Laity," Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley; "Is Sociology to Supersede Theology?" Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "Is the Club Life of Women Interfering with Church Work?" Mrs. Leslie Lewis. Chicago Woman's Club rooms, Fine Arts building, 203 Michigan avenue.

March 19—"The Growth of Catholicity." Essayist, Rev. Dr. Barton, to be followed by general discussion. New England Church, Dearborn avenue, near Walton place.

May 21—"The Mystery of Evil." Essayist, Rev. Dr. Wm. A. College, to be followed by general discussion. Congregational Church, Oak Park.

**Cincinnati.**—Benjamin C. Smith, president of the Ohio State Humane Society, has been making horrible discoveries of the atrocities perpetrated upon the messenger boys of this city by the various telegraph, telephone and other messenger organizations. Young boys, from twelve to sixteen, have been habitually used, particularly in the night, not only to carry messages to, but run on errands for the worst houses of ill fame in the city. These boys have been compelled to see and hear that which will contaminate the imagination and poison them throughout life. It would seem that here is a crime that might easily be stopped. If the laws and ordinances existing are not enough to punish any company lending its messenger service to this degradation, they should be promptly passed and vigorously executed. The boys say they disobey orders under the penalty of prompt dismissal. The companies say that to refuse to grant this service would render themselves liable to prosecution under the law. Let other cities look into it. Let the shame be prompt and widespread and the remedy be hastened.

**Chicago.**—The Hyde Park Presbyterian Church welcomes to its pulpit, long vacant, Rev. Joseph A. Vance, who comes from Baltimore, where he has met with signal success. He is but thirty-five years of age and comes to a hard field with high hopes. * * * Dr. Frank Crane, who leaves the Trinity Methodist Church, takes up the Methodist work at Hyde Park, and the Rev. W. E. M'Lennan, who takes his place, is by birth a Nova Scotian, of Scotch parents; he grew up in Michigan as a tinsmith, and then took a seven years' course at Evanston; was a member of the life-saving crew; has had a ministerial experience in Old Mexico; has been on the staff of several of the Chicago dailies, and probably is an editorial contributor to the same now. He is intensely interested in the religious and ethical side of industrial and civic problems. * * * The Art Institute has just presented its twentieth annual report, together with its announcement for the current year. The lectures and concerts are to be given at four o'clock, from two to four of them in a week, and include a wide range of literary, musical and art topics. This is a vital center of culture and inspiration, not simply to the art students, whose wants, of course, are primarily considered, but to the public, whose interest it is to profit by the opportunities here offered. * * * "A Liberty Catechism," by Frederick W. Gookin, forms No. 3 and the last of the attractive series issued by the Anti-Imperialist League. "Private Smith at the Philippines" is another book taking the literary form of Coin's Catechism, issued by the Franklin Printing and Publishing Company as a campaign document of this agitation. * * * Rev. W. W. Fenn is announced to begin a series of Bible studies at the Unitarian headquarters, No. 175 Dearborn street, on Monday noons, twelve to one, beginning October 30th. The class is free to all those who desire to join. * * * The "Chicago Tribune," in a recent editorial, says, "No more Fall Festivals for Chicago. The festival this year caused the merchants who were so unfortunate as to butt on the Court of Honor, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from first to last. They feel that they were butchered to make a holiday." While the Fall Festival is a thorn in the flesh an annual exposition that will spread the crowd over a month will be a real advantage to the city." This annual exposition might be so arranged as to be a source of inspiration to all concerned.

## The Average Man.

When it comes to a question of trusting
  Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,
  And lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
  In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
  And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
  Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
  On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,
  Who pilots us still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
  Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
  All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero,
  Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swarth grime of his calling,
  And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at last with the noblest,
  The commonplace, average man.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

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## Correspondence.

Who has not noted in riding through our city on a number of the street car lines, the long rows of horses attached to carts and wagons, their faces to the street, so nearly into which they are obliged to stand that at every passing of a car or omnibus a sharp turn of the head to one side is necessary in order to avoid a cruel blow? Sometimes the position is so cramped that it is only with the utmost effort that the blow can be avoided. How many hours a day they are required to suffer this cruel strain one cannot know, but I have often thought it a fit subject for the attention of the Humane Society. At least, the attention of their drivers could be called to the facts and their discomforts alleviated, if possible. Perhaps an appeal to the selfishness of their owners might avail. No animal can do his best work or bring his fullest value, except under good conditions. Certainly not when being constantly tormented in some unnatural manner.

Riding on Dearborn street a few days since, the bridge-bell rang, and our car halted for several moments so that my own seat on the outside came close to the twisted neck of a large, white horse, who bore his constrained position with the utmost patience —as what else could he do? I poured some silent sympathy into his eyes, which, I felt quite sure he understood, and studying his face carefully I made a discovery, quite new to me, at least. While the forehead was in the main smooth and placid (or stolid) there came into it at times, above and around the eyes, wrinkles and contortions which gave it exactly the expression of human suffering and discouragement. His distress, shown in the face alone, was so evident that one could not look upon it without being deeply moved, and feeling sure that this poor animal—no mean specimen of his race—could feel sorrow and misfortune like ourselves—that he felt he had borne enough and wished he could lay his burden down.

What can we do to overcome the indifference and positive cruelty toward these patient friends, who serve us so faithfully? P. M. B.

## Books Received.

"Love and Its Affinities," by George F. Butler, M. D. G. P. Engelhard & Co., pp. 133.

"Home Rule Money," by Pearce Bodley Chambers Printing Company, New York. pp. 103. $1.

"Private Smith at the Philippines," by Marion Leonidas. Franklin Printing and Publishing Company. pp. 216.

"Dorsey, the Young Inventor," by Edward S. Ellis, A. M. Fords, Howard & Hulburt, New York. pp. 297. $1.25.

"Loneliness, A Story," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. pp. 43. $1.

"The Expert Cleaner," by H. J. Seaman. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers. New York. 75 cents.

## Cathedrals.

I find I never weary of great churches. It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral —a thing as single and specious as a statue to the first glance, and yet, on examination, as lively and interesting as a forest in detail. The height of spires cannot be taken by trigonometry; they measure absurdly short, but how tall they are to the admiring eye! And where we have so many elegant proportions, growing one out of the other, and all together into one, it seems as if proportion transcended itself and became something different and more imposing. I could never fathom how a man dares to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral. What is he to say that will not be an anticlimax? For though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons, I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. 'Tis the best preacher itself, and preaches day and night, not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past, but convicting your own soul of ardent sympathies; or, rather, like all good preachers, it sets you preaching to yourself, and every man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A Christian said to his neighbor, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "None," was the answer, "but under my aunt's practicing."

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**From Manchester, N. H.:**

"I find myself much interested in the lectures on the history of the Bible, and having read the third one write to ask you to put aside for me copies of Unity containing them until such date as I shall remit their price. If I could have had these lectures sixty or seventy years ago they would have saved some hard thinking."

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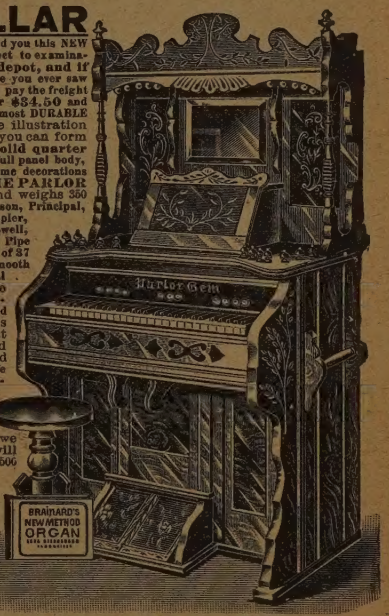


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